Smart Gowns for Afternoon and Evening

Simplicity Is the Keynote of the Modish Creations in These Times

of Economy of Material.

Magazine P



FROCK that has a summery look,

wear. It is made of pussy willow

even though designed for evening

taffeta, with drapery of gold net edged

with stripes of ostrich in blue.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the attack on Providence, R. I., by King Philip in 1672. He was hunted down by the colonists and slain by an Indian. Of this once powerful tribe only two hundred were left. King Philip was the son of Masassoit, the great friend of the whites.

The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

Cynthia Feels That by Marrying Gerald She Will Make Every One but Herself Happier.

situation by a light laugh. you look as if you had seen a

still at Mr. Van Saun's."

down here-would you, mother?" you have been in for some time, turn on the lights. But," with a eignificant lift of the eyebrows,

Stewart came to her rescue. "I must be going, Mrs. Living-stone, he said. "May I call again

are going to the Philharmonic to-night." Dora announced brusquely. "Don't come when we are out."

engaged."
"Thank you." Mr. Stewart said formally. "Good-night."
Dora frowned with vexation at the calm manner in which her mother ignored her suggestion and frees for the evening.

An Explanation.

But Cynthia's thoughts were else-

To tell the truth, I did not want

"Why not?" Cynthia pulled herask this natural question

mountain glant who made fron mit-

tens and brass belts and kept a mill-

ion bees in a great glass house full

of lovely flowers. Well, Puss didn't

stay there very long, for he wanted

to see the world, and a traveller

must be ever on the go if he wants

to get anywhere.

So off Puss started down the meuntain side, and by and by he

mesdow. Her face was turned to-ward the sun, and as the golden god travelled through the high heavens

the maiden's eyes followed his flam-ing chariot. But Puss didn't know

that for many days she had stood in that one spot without food and drink. Nor did she seem to see him as he drew near. And then, all of a sudden, he noticed that her feet and

suden, he noticed that her leet and limbe changed into a graceful stem and her face into a flower which attil followed the sun. And then from a bush nearby that little yel-low bird, whose name I shall tell

She loved the great sun in his

We solft through the sky every

But he furned not to look on the

Standing lone on the meadow with

But swift through the heavens he

To the West where the portals of

gold were ajar, Till at last the sad maiden took

root in the mold,

you some day, began to sing:

soagon of flame

norning he came.

maid in despair.

epind-tossed hair,

colled in his car

come in the front door and go upstairs. I knew she would be right back. I was sure she saw Gerald through the fire-lit window as she came up the front steps."

"I don't see why she need have cared if you were in the library with him," Cynthia argued.

"All the more reason why it was nice in you to do as I asked-I mean if you saw no sense in my asking it. I say, Cyn, are you wor-ried about anything? You look

"No": Cynthia forced a smile. "I "Would you rather not go to the Philharmonic to-night?" Dora queried anxiously. "I mean-would you rather stay at home and talk to Gerald Stewart?" "Indeed I would not!" The an-swer was so prompt that Dora

looked relieved. "Weil, I'm glad you're going with us," she admitted. "I will let you and Milton amuse mother and me." "I fancy you will manage to amuse each other-gyou and Milton," Cynthia remarked. "And now, my

dear. I must hurry and dress, or I shall be late to dinner." There is always such a rush nowadays that I never have a chance for a good, long talk with you," Dora grumbled. Sometime soon we'll have a regular heart-to-heart talk, won't we, Cyn? There are lots of things I want to fess up to you about,

Cynthia Promises.

"All right," Cynthia agreed. "We will have that talk soon."

She turned to the mirror and went on with her dressing. She felt that she ought to tell her cousin of her engagement to Stewart, but did not want to do so now. She could not trust herself to speak of the matter hurriedly in the few minutes that the two girls would be together before dinner. She was unhappy and could not pretend to be happy just yet. However, she must get accustomed to the new condition of affairs as soon as possible, for she was sure it was of her that Gerald Stewart wished to talk this evening to Mr. Livingstone.

She dressed rapidly and her thoughts kept pace with her flying Her aunt had been right. Gerald Livingstone over h. She we the one dear thing in his lonely life. She must marry him. That was her evident duty.

was her evident duty.

She was glad that the thought of marrying him for a home had not entered her mind when he proposed to her. She had accepted him only because she did not want any man to suffer as she was capable of suffering. Surely she was ble of suffering. Surely she was doing right. Her marriage to Gerald would make him happy. It would please her relatives, and relieve them of the burden of her support. It would prove to Dora that there was no reason for her to be jealous of her cousin and Milton-if she had ever really been

Yes, everyone would be happier for her having set aside her own selfish hopes and desires. She herself was not happy, but there was satisfaction in the consciousness that she was the only one whe would suffer for her action.

(To Be Continued.)

To My Sweetheart Soldier MISSIVE FROM WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

We have tried as hard as we can to break Mammy of peeking through the curtains before she opens the front door! But it can't be done. When I remonstrate with her, she answers with an argument which leaves me speechless-"Folkses have to be looked at, after they're in, honey chile! So why are they ashamed to be looked at before? I'm going to know what I lets in before I does it."

Today the bell rang, and Mammy beat Ceeley to the door by a spirited Marathon! Such fascination does the door bell have for us in this small town! Mammy peeked through the curtain and turned back. "Aren't you going to open the door, Mammy, dear," I asked. "There ain't nobody there, and I min't going to open it for no spooks," she answered as she rocked firecely back to the kitchen. Just then the bell pealed through the house once more with terrifying persistence. I opened the door, and fairly fell back in astonishment at what I saw. There on a camp stool close against the house, sat the oddest little figure I ever hope to see. She was old-very old, I guess-and dressed in every color of the rainbow! As I beheld her, I realized that Joseph's cont of many colors was not a childhood's dream. Solomon and the lilies of the field would have blushed with shame at their inferior raiment. Her hat was a marvelous poke of purple, and her shoes were tan, and in between was a costume looking like a cross between a Turkish towel and a Ro-

man scarf, and compound of blues

home, but they very foolishly took

exception because I saved my but-

ter at table, and molded it up when

and greens and dashes of red and or-"Good morning," said this strange creature. "How do you do?" And she folded up her camp stool and followed me in where our mothers were. "How do you do, ladies all? I'm so sorry I couldn't call when you first came, but I've been away for a year. I went to an old ladies'

had enough, and sold it outside. People are so apt to be jealous if one shows a little intelligence. I was very glad to leave. needn't think they hurt my feelings a bit! Food is so unreasonable nowadays it's best to cook your own victuals and know what you've got. I bought a soup bone for 5 cents and my sister and me had three meals off of it, and then . plumber came in to do a job, and we gave him a meal, and he said, My goodness, that's the best meal of grease I've had since the war began." My sister isn't very well, but she's chirped up quite a bit since her husband died. He died last week, and I can see a big change in her already! They were divorced five years ago, but it was always very embarrassing. People would ask us wherever we went, 'Are you widows?' and we didn't know what to say. Now it is such a relief. We can say we are widows. Sister has a habit of falling out of bed. So I have her sleep on the floor. It is much better that way. I have to do most of everything. Sister can't do much.

"Today I've been putting away winter underwear. There was lots of things to put away! I like nice clothes. I like dressy clothes It's a falling with me, but I hope no one is jenious because I have nice, dressy things. I tell my Savior 31 ways I try not to offend my neighbors or bring vain, foolish hopes

to their breasts.
"And now I must be going. I have enjoyed your conversation very much. I'll come again, but don't expect me too much, for I have lots of places to go.

As she went down the path with her camp stool under her arm the sunlight caught her poke bonnet and brought out the red with start ling emphasis. Our mothers and I looked at one another as though we were waking from a fevered dream.

Mammy rocked flercely into the room with a bottle in her hand. "Here, now, lay back in your chairs all of you, and snuff this camphile!" As soon as I can catch my breath, beloved, and find out who this little creature is, I'll let you know. But for now your exhausted wife says, GOOD-NIGHT.

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. ers of your girl friends, their soquaintances, the sons of friends of your family. Of course, youth longs We are three college girls, and we are considered good-lookfor gayety and romance and it doesn't want to wait, but it often We dress well and have many opportunities to entertain. Unfortunately, our school is not has to wait. Going out with the avowed purpose of making mesco-educational, so we do not have culine acquaintances would do you no good at all, for it would probany opportunities to meet men. We are members of the Y. W. ably make you over-eager and, so, unattractive. Just be friendly, ready to give kindly interest to C. A. and many clubs. Can you suggest ways of meeting men be-sides firting with them? HETTY. every one you meet and eventually you will form a circle of friends that will include men as well as OF course I'm going to advise you emphatically against any temptgirls. This does not sound like very useful advice. I know, but it is the only safe advice I can give you. tations to firt. And then I am going to add a word to which im-Just go along quietly and calmly nucke friends with all you meet, and petuous youth will naturally object: He patient. In the natural course of events you do meet men, the broth- | you frighten it away.

Suggestions Household

Before cleaning out a fireplace sprinkle a good handful of tenleaves among the ashes. This makes the ashes sift more easily and prevents the dust from flying about the

A street frock

for the

mild days

of pussy

willow in

navy blue,

with an

collar

of white

Georgette

Meeting Men.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

unusual

When boiling eggs wet the shells thoroughly with cold water before placing them in bolling water, and they will not crack.

Chloride of lime in solution is an

invaluable disinfectant and deoderiser, and is cheap enough to be used daily or weekly to flush waste pipes and sink drains.

Tin that has become rusty or stained may be cleaned by dipping the cut surface of a raw potato in fine Bath-brick and rubbing well with this.

To stiffen fine muslin or white lace, dip them in skim milk.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY Armed With Letters From Lillian to Mrs. Borradale and Esther, Pietro . Goes For Ransom and Fails.

Here's What has Already Happened.

Esther Vassell is induced to marry for a large, sum of money. Ceremony, which is attended by a strange warman, takes place in a ruined church. Returning from the marriage she finds her uncle and alster murdered. She is left sole helr to her uncle and sister murdered. She is left sole helr to her uncle is arge fortune, who disinherits his nephew, Guy Hocking.

Eather discovers that Guy, her cousin, is married to the strange woman who attended her marriage.

She goes to Helm Court, the estate left by her uncle, and meets young Lord Berradale, and they immediately fall in love. Guy's friends frame him, and he signs a mysterious contract mortgaging the estate he will receive at Eather's douth. She is marked for death, but young Borradale frustrates the attempt, and is healy stabbed.

Esther goes to New York to find out if the is free to marry Harold, and at the ruined church discovers the body of the man she married. She concludes she is free from her marriage vow, but is warned by Lillian, Guy's mysteriess wife, and also by the rector, that she is not.

Esther returns to Heim Court and tells Harold she will become his wife. The rector warnes them both that it is impressible; that euch a marriage would evoke the Berradale curse.

Installment.

Part One—(Continued)
"Well," continued Lillian, "I must well, continued Lillian. I must perforce accept your conditions. I will get you \$50,000 or my life shall be forfeit. But tell me this, if I obtain the money, what guarantee have I that you will, indeed, leave the country—that you will never let me see you again." "I can but give you my word," said the man. "And you know that it is wisest for me to go away."

Word of No Value. "Your word is of no value," replied Lillian, "but this I will do. I will ask for a check payable to myself, and I will go to the bank with you to cash it. I will hand you the money in some public place where I shall feel myself in safety. After that you may so away or stay After that you may go away or stay in New York as you please. I will trust to my own wit to avoid any further plots you may lay against me, and, if you remain, I shall feel myself at liberty to take any reprisals I think fit. These are the terms upon which I will work with you. If you do not accept them, you may kill me at once for all I care. My life is of no great value to me."

Pietro looked at her with some "I do not wish to hurt you, sig-nors," he said. "Your terms are fair enough, and I sceept them." "Very well. Fetch me writing materials, and I will give you two letters which you may act upon today. You will go yourself? "Certainly, signora. I trust this to no one else."
"But supposing the police are

called in? I cannot guarantee you against that, you know."

Appeal to Esther and Mrs. Borradale I say at once if the police called in-if Pietro not return-Signora Lillian she will be found dead. And what I say will be true," he added meaningly.
"I see," said Lillian. She went

to the table upon which the Italian had spread ink, pen, and paper. She wrote her letters with a firm hand. "It is possible that you may receive the whole sum at either one of these addresses. Go to Mrs. Borradale first." Lillian handed him the two letters as she spoke, "Failing there go to Miss Vassell, who lives close by. If Mrs. Borradale is not at the Towers she is at Helm take me all day to go and return," he said.

"Yes, if Mrs. Borradale is obdurate you may point out to her that I have a complete statement of the mystery of Adderley Manor written out, and that it will become public property after my death. You may property after my death. Tou may ask her this question, too: Why does the barking of a dog at night time make her feel faint? She will understand. De you follow me?"
"Si, al, signora—and Miss Vassell?"

"You must not threaten her, but tell her that if she will do as I wish it will immeasurably be to her advantage, that Lillian has the power to help her to the object of her desire. There, that is all you can do today. Will you go at once?"

Lillian Gets Her Breakfast.

"At once, signora. Ah, and luckily here is Marietta with your

As he spoke the Italian girl entered the room with a tray upon which was spread fare meager enough but possible from Lillian's point of view. Marietta's brow was still dark, and she glanced suspiciously at Pietro and the fair Eng-lishwoman. She stopped and picked up a knife which lay where it had fallen upon the floor, and quickly concealed it in the folds of her

"Frederico awaits you with the organ, Marietta," said Pietro. "You will go out at once and not return till night. You understand?"
The girl nodded and made no an-

swer. Presently she stole out of the

alone. She made what toilette she could and exchanged the coarse cloak she had been wearing for her own clothes. Then she laid herself

down, fully dressed, upon the bed, and slept for several hours from sheer physical fatigue. Pletro Returns Empty Handed. She slept through the day, and she had barely risen from her bed and made a faint attempt to eat some food when Pietro returned. His mein was gloomy and morose, a contrast to his manner of the morn-

"Well?" asked Lillian hastily.

He kicked a chair angrily.

"You have brought nothing?" She had risen in good spirits, contemplating the conclusion of her imprisonment.

"Niente," he muttered. "I have nothing." "Did they refuse?" Lillian clengh-She had been so confident of suc-cess. It was not possible that her fears of the night were indeed vert-

"ars. Borradaie is iii, aniq the man hoarsely. "She was taken ill a few days ago—three or four—at Helm Court. They have moved her to the Towers. She cannot speak a word, and no one may talk to her. Mr. Borradale is with her night and day."

day."
"You saw him?" No Hope in Sight.

"And Miss Vassell?"

"I sent in your letter, but he re-

fused to see me. He bade his fellows throw me out," Pietro glanced ruefully at his disordered coat, "They handled me roughly," he added, with the addition of a string of

Read Right On in Today's

"I want on to Helm Court Miss Vassell has gone abroad with her chaperon. It was by the doctors definite orders. They refused to give me any address, and would not Vasseli was not to be bothered by business, they said. So there, Sig-nora Lillian, that is the result of your first day's hopes."
"And my best," groaned Lillian.
She threw herself down on the bed again and turned her face to the wall to hide her tears.

Epstone Calls on His Father. With his usual ill luck in such matters, Epstone elected to call on his father, with a view to reconciliation, on the same morning that the testy old gentleman received Lillian's threatening letter. Father and son had not met for some years, for the prodigal—well provided with money at that time—had left the parental roof in a fit of temper and had never been invited to return to it. When his difficulties arose, he made one or two frantic appeals for assistance, but these had been re-jected with scorn. jected with scorn.

Now, however, things seemed bet-ter for young Epstone. He was clear of his difficulties owing to Goldsmith's death and his abstraction of the papers from the money lend-er's desk—those documents, includ-ing the forged checks, which had so often been used as a whip to lash him with. The theft, if theft it could be called, had not been discovered, nor was it likely to be, though Epstone did not forget that he might have to recken with Morris in the matter. For the present everything was in confusion and the

erything was in confusion, and the police were in possession of the money lender's house and property. No Trace of the Murderer. The central office detective bureau was on its metal this time, but, as before, the keenest efforts to trace

the mysterious murderer seemed futile. This was the third murder that was apparently committed by the same hand, and there seemed no prospect of the criminal being arrested.

Senator Epstone lived in Bryant
Square. His house was furnished
with the cold luxury which seemed

appropriate to a man of professed austerity. He himself suited his surroundings.

The Senator sat in his study, a heavy frown on his brow, when his

son was shown in. Charles entered son was shown in. Charles entered the room jauntily, and as if he fully expected to be warmly welcomed. He had merely sent his father a note the night before to announce his coming, and he had half anticipated to be refused admission. His jaunty air, therefore, on entering the study was adopted in order to convey the idea that be had not feared any such action on his father's part. his heart he was very much afraid of the stern, grim old man. "How do you do, father?" he said, awkwardly extending his hand-

"You're looking fit." Which was distinctly untrue, but young Ep-stone was too nervous to give the matter any serious consideration.

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For a Shiny Nose And Bad Complexion Paris.—Famous artresses owe their

beautiful complexions to the following French Beauty Recipe: Wash your face with buttermilk and rub in a teaspoonful of Creme Tokalon Reseated, wipe the face dry and apply Poudre Pascination -a very fine complexion powder pre-pared especially for shiny noses and had omplexion. Reseated cream is different from all others. Complexion blemishes are banished and surprising results pro-duced after a single application in many instances. Success guaranteed or money back. Supplied at any good toilet counter. Among others People's Drug Stores, O'Donnell's, Liggett's Riker-Hegeman, Associated Drug Stores, M. A little later Lillian was left Goldenberg's, Lansburgh & Bro.

Keeping the Coffee Pot Sweet.

By Virginia Terhune Van Dora evaded. "So I just called you in there right after I heard her

de Water. CHAPTER XXXVI.

Copyright, 1918, Star Co. RA relieved the tension of the Why, mother," she teased,

Her mother tried to smile. "I haven't!" she retorted. "But I thought you were in the library, daughter, and, when I called you, and saw it was Cynthia who was here, I was astonished. I supposed. turning to her niece, "that you were

"I returned a little while ago," Cynthia explained.

Where are your hat and coat?" Mrs. Livingstone asked, glancing

"Upstairs, of course," Dora spoke before Cynthia could reply. "You would not expect as careful a girl as Cyn to leave them lying around Mrs. Livingstone smiled again, but more naturally now. "Then Cynthia," she observed. "In that case, I understand. I note," looking into the library, "that you young people have forgotten to

"fire-light is pleasant, under some elreumstances, lan't it?" Cynthia did not speak, and Gerald

a little talk with Mr. Livingstone, if will be disengaged." We-Milton, mother, Cyn and I.

"He is coming to see your father, my dear" her mother reproved. Then, to Mr. Stewart—"I know that Mr. Livingstone will be in and dis-

at Gerald's submission to the mat-ron's edict. Some of this veration she uttered to Cynthia as the two girls were on their way upstairs to

"I wish mother were not so mag-isterial!" she complained. "The cool way in which she brushes aside my ideas is the limit."

where, and she did not reply. By the way." Dora remarked later, looking into Cynthia's room from the passage between that and her own room. "I am much obliged to you for following my lead so quickly and going into the library to talk to Gerald. I could not explain then what the matter was

mother to know I had been in there." self out of her own reflections to

"Because she doesn't like me to talk to any man except Milton."

> Puss in Boots Jr. A PLEASING GOOD-NIGHT SERIES Junior, "I shall never look at a sun-By David Cory. OW let me see. In the last story we left little Puss Junior in the castle of the great

> > Puss, politely. And the maiden answered yes, and pretty soon she

ney through the Country of the Gods. And so have you, I hope, little readers of this story of Puss in Boots Junior. Well, just then, all of a sudden, an old woman drew near and in

ened that maiden was, but she did not show it, but kept to her work while the goddess sat down and weaved a most beautiful cloth that far exceeded in beauty that of the maiden. And then the goddess

peared, and little Puss Junior went upon his way through the wonder ful Country of the Gods.

"Oh, dear me," oried little Prise

flower without thinking of this sadeyed malden," and then he turned his footsteps toward a grove of trees where another maiden sat

weaving embroidery. "May I look at your work?" asked

told him that she was trying her skill against a goddess. "You are doing a dangerous thing," said little Puss Junior, for he had learned a good deal about gods and goddesses during his jour-ney through the Country of the

a low voice warned the maiden not to stir up the wrath of the goddess. But the maiden only laughed and kept on with her weaving. And then the old woman dropped her cloak and mask and stood there, the very goddess herself. And, oh, dear me! How fright-

arose and said:

"Hereafter you shall be a spider and spin your web upon the bushes."
And at once the maiden became a little black spider and spun a silver web and a big blue-winged fly flew by and caught himself in the siender threads. And after that the goddess smiled at Puss and disappeared, and little Puss.

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